

In Latin America . . . Havana, Cuba, in pre-Castro days was truly a mecca for Circus acts, such productions taking in thousands of dollars per day from gaping American tourists.

In Havana, the competition for the tourist trade produced, finally, four types of circus performances. One type emphasized the surroundings like the walls, floor and ceiling being all mirrored, so that the spectators could watch the acts from any and every angle. In another type, the focus was on youth, the performers all teenagers, the attraction centering around the depravity of boys and girls so young.

HOMOSEXUALS, male and female, provided the tourists with the third type of show, performing en masse, in which lesbians (or male homosexuals) rolled together in simulated or real simultaneous orgasm.

The human/animal sex circus was the fourth type.

Dr. Robert van Dextrineholtz, a medical doctor from River Forest, Illinois (a suburb of Chicago), an orthopedist to be precise, was a spectator at a human/animal sex circus, in which the "actors" were teen-agers, not one over sixteen. As an added attraction, elderly men and women performed with the teen-agers. Finally, Youth and Age indulged in acts of perversion with beasts.

Dr. van Dextrineholtz has given us permission to use his name and to record his history. I now give it in the first person.

Doctor Robert van Dextrineholtz: It was our good fortune mine and my wife's to be spectators at what is known as a sex circus. The one I attended I and my wife was held in a large private home on the Rio Del Prado in Havana, my knowledge of the affair having been conveyed to me by a tout who, openly, solicited business all over the city. He did this quite openly and I assume that he and other shills were not the least bit concerned about interference from the police.

I discussed it with my wife, not wanting to go without her.

"It will be unusual," Marie said. "And we might never get another chance to see such depravity just so we don't have to participate!"

So we went in the middle of a hot July afternoon, and the cost was one hundred American dollars per person.

I was further convinced that the police were getting a share of the profits when we arrived by cab at the huge house and were ushered inside by a very pretty Negro maid. She was about twenty and very pretty. She took us to a very large room on the first floor and told us we could sit where we wanted and smoke.

She indicated a bar on one side of the room. "Anything you want to drink," she said. "And the prices are the same as at the better hotels. Enjoy yourselves, Americanos."

On one side of the spacious room was a stage perhaps four feet tall and twenty feet square, and in front of it scores of folding chairs, the kind seen in public halls and lodges. There must have been forty or fifty people present men and women of all ages but no children and nationalities, though the majority were Americans, I judged. They sat there, smoking, laughing and talking loudly. Some were drinking and not a few were intoxicated. My wife and I took seats as close to the stage as we could. The front rows were already filled.

About fifteen minutes later when all of the chairs were filled, a Cuban came onto the stage one of those pinched-faced, slicked-down types that reminded me of a weasel. And he had several gold-capped teeth in his mouth.

He said: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. In a moment you will witness sights so depraved that they will shock you to your very core . . . sights you have never before seen . . . acts of lust and sex that only you, as privileged guests, are permitted to witness. For those of you with cameras you may take pictures if you wish. There is no extra charge . . ."

The Sex Circus began. One teen-age girl and three teen-age boys skipped onto the stage all four of them stark naked. The girl was about sixteen years old and well-developed, with long, slim legs and breasts and buttocks that begged for male hands. She had a very thick bush of pubic hair. The boys were about the same age, except one, who couldn't have been more than twelve years old; yet his penis was rather large for his age, and under a full flag of erection.

The teen-agers got on the bed and got right to work. One of the boys lay on his back and the girl she was blonde got on top of him, working his organ into her vagina. Another boy got behind her and began pushing his organ into her vulva. With two male organs in her, her vagina was stretched to its limit.

Still, there was more. For as the girl began the movement of coitus in her 'woman-on-top' position, and the boy on top of her began his movements on her, the third boy, the one around twelve years of age, knelt on the bed in front of the threesome, his knees on either side of the head of the boy who was on his back, and offered his stiff penis to the red lips of the girl. She began licking the glans even his testicles, and it was obvious that he was sexually excited. He kept trying to push it in her mouth, but she wanted to lick and kiss it first. Finally she permitted him to shove it, full force, into her mouth. She braced herself with her hands flat on the bed while she pounded with her pelvic region the boy underneath her, moving her hips

so furiously that numerous times his peter slipped out. He would hurriedly reinsert it. The boy kneeling in front of her kept moving his organ in and out of her mouth. If the four teen-agers were putting on an act, they were certainly good. From the way they moaned and groaned, I do think they were genuinely excited. I know the boy screwing the girl in the mouth had an orgasm. She gagged for an instant the moment he shot, and when he withdrew his wet and wilting organ, all of us could see the girl swallowing his sperm. He must have been very excited, putting into her mouth a very large amount of sexual cream, for some even dribbled from her lips.

Then "OHHHHHhhhhhhh! I'm coming!" the girl screamed and moved her hips rapidly. The boy underneath her sweating body had an orgasm about the same time. He moaned loudly, his eyes becoming glazed as he shot to sexual heights. The boy giving it to the girl dog-fashion (in the uenus aversa position) burst his nuts too . . . moaning with open mouth and going limp and slowly withdrawing from the fine young ass of the girl.

She turned languidly on her back, pleading in a loud voice, "One of you suck me. Come on eat it now!"

The twelve-year-old inched down the bed and crawled between her legs, burying his face in her wet, dripping hairs. The boy who had been jamming her dog-fashion slid underneath the child and mouthed his half-hard penis, sucking on it so hard we could see his cheeks going in and out from the force of suction.

The boy who had been underneath the girl played with his penis and soon it was like a small iron bar. He lowered himself to the face of the girl, she parted her lips, and his stiff penis slid in. Slowly, he began screwing her in the mouth. While she sucked and was sucked, she worked her forefinger in and out of the rectum of the boy fellating the twelve-year-old.

This sucking scene continued for perhaps ten minutes. Again . . . orgasm.

I should say that by this time many persons sitting in the audience, of both genders, were becoming sexually excited. Of course, the drinks lessened inhibitions. Both my wife and I were surprised at some of the indecent remarks we heard, particularly from people who looked to be models of decorum. One middle aged woman she could have played the prudish old maid in some motion picture laughed at one time and remarked, "That little son of a bitch really fucked her good in the mouth. I wonder how it tasted to her?"

The man with her laughed and took a quick nip from his pint bottle. "Well, you can taste my come when we get back to the hotel, if you want. I'll be glad to fuck you in your mouth, dear. Just ask." The wife I assume she was laughed.

The next act featured the Negress who had ushered us into the house, as well as a tall girl, about fifteen years of age, with orange-dyed hair, and four boys, from perhaps sixteen to eighteen years of age. First, the boys came on the stage, stark naked, followed by the two girls, fully dressed in street clothes, complete with silk stockings and high heels. Slowly, grinning and with lewd comments, the boys began undressing the two girls.

"Ah . . . look at those fine tits," as the bra of the Negress was removed.

"What a fine ass," and off came the panties of the girl with the orange hair. "And a fine cunt, too, just waiting for our peters."

"Or a tongue!"

Men and women in the audience began taking pictures as the Negro girl knelt on the floor in front of one of the boys. The youth had a big hard, and, placing both hands on the back of her fuzzy head, moved his instrument back and forth across her half-parted lips. She cooed with half-closed eyes as the moist ~lans stroked her mouth.

By God! I think that nigger slut can't wait to suck that dick," a man said drunkenly, rather loudly. "Come on, boy, slam it in her mouth!"

The Negress opened her mouth, then pounced upon the erect penis, as if to devour it. Smiling, the boy began moving his hips, pushing his penis in and out of the girl's mouth, and she sucked it eagerly, her eyes closed.

Two other boys moved in behind the kneeling Negress, each placing his penis in one of her armpits. They began pumping her in this manner, while she held her arms tightly to her sides, assuring a tight fit for their organs. This seemed to Marie and me a rather weird way to enjoy sex, but I suppose they enjoyed it.

However, I must confess that Marie and I were intrigued by the armpit act, and we tried it later. She said she didn't particularly enjoy it, but I did, as long as she kept her arm tight. But she said it was "messy" when I when the sperm filled her armpit. We didn't try it again.

The fourth boy placed himself on his back behind the boy who was pumping the Negress in her mouth, his penis standing erect like a tiny flag pole. The orange-haired girl calmly mounted his mouth and he began what's the technical term for it? He began performing cunnilingus on her. As he sucked away on her by the way, her pubic hair was black she reached around and began masturbating him vigorously. We could see the head popping in

and out of the foreskin as she jerked him. And as she did this, she buried her face in the buttocks of the boy standing in front of her, her head moving perpendicularly as she licked his round, red eye. Of the six in action, the boy who was masturbated shot first half a dozen creamed spurts that rose at least six inches, falling back on the boy.

The sex show progressed. The boys paired off into couples and did a 69. So did the two girls, the Negress on top. The girl with orange hair put on a dildo and had face-to-face lesbian intercourse with the Negress.

The Negress, on her knees, held on to the head of the bed, while two of the boys laughingly pulled apart the plush twin mounds of her buttocks, revealing to the world her anus. Orange-Hair ran off the stage and quickly returned with a small jar of what we all assumed to be vaseline. She dipped a forefinger into the jar, removed it and slipped it into the anus of the Negress, moving her finger back and forth, greasing the orifice, preparing it for action . . .

One of the boys took his place behind the Negress and with the two boys still spreading the cheeks of her buttocks, he began forcing his male tool into her prepared anus . . . twisting first one way and then another, while at the same time, the girl moved her hips, helping and doing all she could to assist entry.

You could hear a pin drop I tell you as all of us watched that boy forcing his penis into the rectum of the girl. At last it was all the way in I mean flush and he began to fu I mean, he began the movements of anal intercourse, the black gal holding onto the bedboard for support, every now and then grunting as a result of a hard jab.

"Lawdy, lawdy," the Negress gasped at one part of the proceedings, "that big ole joy-jabber is gonna push my insides clean outta place oh! UG! OH!!"

"I'd like to fuck that black ass of hers," a man close to us whispered.

The boys took their turns riding her rump and so did the other girl, using a dildo and pumping her just as viciously as the boys had.

What I call Act Number Three was totally and completely unexpected, in spite of what we had already seen. A teen-age boy and girl the boy about eighteen and the girl about sixteen came out and undressed each other. They got on the bed and did a 69. Then the boy screwed her, both in the normal manner and via her rectum; then she licked real completely his butt-hole, and he licked hers.

We did a double take when an old man ambled slowly into the room

and stepped, with effort, onto the stage. He was at least seventy, white-haired, and with skin the color of flour. His penis was shrivelled and, well, it just hung there, tired-like, as if it had seen better days, and no doubt it had.

Walking as if his bones were hinged with rusty wire, the oldster creaked onto the bed and, like a dying fish, flopped over on his skinny back. Quickly, the boy crawled over his face and, grinning like an imp, shoved his large phallus into the toothless mouth of the old guy.

The girl immediately began playing with the old man's wrinkled weenie, flopping it back and forth, pinching it between thumb and forefinger doing her best, applying every trick she knew, to emote him into erection. But his sex organ remained as soggy as last month's cigar.

"Come on, Grandpa" she laughed. "Get hard! How can you fuck my young cunt with a limp rag?"

The old boy couldn't. Finally, the girl began fellatio, giving the organ little nips and love bites. But that didn't help either.

The old man, later, muttering to himself (frankly, I think he was senile) staggered from the room. He was replaced on the stage by an old woman (about the same age as the old man; her hair was stringy, snow white, and her breasts were thin. flabby and with big flat nipples the color of vamish. Her skin was the gray color of a corpse and glistened as she practically fell on the bed.

First the boy took her coitus per vagina; then girl, using a dildo. And be damned if the old has-been didn't make an effort to move her hips! She actually enjoyed it! You could tell that! As a climax to the act, the old girl performed fellatio on the boy as he sat on the edge of the bed. The girl held his phallus, as the old dame sucked it methodically.

I suppose the grand finale to the entire sex show was the 'animal act.' After all, it was a 'circus!' (Dr. Dextrineholtz laughed loudly at this point in his story.) However, I do feel it was poor taste to include animals with teen-agers. After all, they were only kids.

After the bed was removed from the stage, two boys brought in a sort of ramp with steps. We wondered what it would be used for.

A boy led a hog onto the stage. It was a two hundred-fifty pounder, at least, and grunted every now and then a rather vicious-looking beast, black in color, with little eyes and a long snout. My wife, who was a hillbilly from Southern Illinois, told me it was a 'lard-type' hog and called a 'Poland-China.' But I wasn't interested in any United Nations at the moment and

neither was anyone else at the time.

The boy led the hog up the steps of the ramp. And the animal just stood there, looking around, not the least bit frightened. The boy stood there holding the rope, the end of which was around the hog's neck.

Another boy, who had been fellated into erection by the Negress offstage, walked up behind the animal. His penis was just at the right height, the same level as the back of the hog.

Easily, but slowly, the boy shoved his penis into the vagina of the sow and began screwing the animal, his hands grasping her sides. She glanced around, grunted, and the boy pounded away, panting and grunting, too! He enjoyed it and so did the sow.

I heard a woman say, "Now I've seen everything those filthy perverts!"

My wife and I stared. The rest of the audience stared.

"Oh!" the teen-ager yelled. "Oh, sow baby, I'm coming!" Whether or not the sow did is a moot question.

And before the show was over, five other boys screwed that sow!

And when they were finished the Negress satisfied the animal and maybe herself with cunnilingus! I am still wondering why one of the girls didn't use a dildo on the sow! They sure used it enough on each other the little whores. I wonder how kids can sink so low! So young, too!

But if you think sex with a sow was something out of this world . . . well the orange-haired bitch bounced on the stage with a snake coiled on her arm. Uh-huh, that's what I said a snake! It was about three feet long, a sort of greenish-brown in color and it had a sort of flat head. Its tongue flicked in and out real fast. I know the snake wasn't poisonous, not from the way Orangy handled it she wasn't the least bit afraid of it. And do you know what she did with that reptile?

She stood with her legs far apart and put the head of the reptile right into her snatch stuck in the snake at least three or four inches! She'd move it in and out three or four times and now and then leave it in for a couple of seconds and how she'd giggle!

I guess the tongue of the snake did this to her, because she said, "OH SATAN BABY, YOUR TONGUE!"

Then she'd do it all over again -- in and out... pause... in and out... pause.

Every now and then she'd stroke the back of the

reptile's head.

We assumed this gesture kept the snake gentle and cooperative. She let the snake have intercourse with her -- I wonder if that's the right word to use in this case -- for ten minutes or so. It certainly was a wild thing to see. My wife watched, fascinated, and I noticed that all the other women in the audience seemed to be spell-bound by the sight of that snake moving in and out the vulva of the girl.

Well, at least I could say I had seen a girl fuck -- I mean screw -- herself with a snake!

Two airedale dogs and an Irish setter were led onto the stage, their tongues hanging out, as they glanced at the audience. And I know damn well that those dogs were trained for their performances.

The Negress got on the stage and flung a quilt and a half dozen pillows on the floor. While she arranged them, another girl began masturbating the Irish setter. The black broad put several pillows where her head would rest and in the spot where her black butt would be raised. She lay down and got into position, spreading her legs, and a girl led the dog into position. That copper-toned setter knew what the score was. He sure did. Right away the dog crawled on the black piece and she helped him, guiding his pointed peter into her cunny-box. He began banging away on her, acting like he hadn't had a piece in months. Maybe he hadn't!

That Irish setter really enjoyed his chocolate mama, and while he worked her, his paws lying across her shoulders, she held him with her legs and with her arms around his waist. That setter did her just like a man would -- and people in the audience really snapped the pictures. How they got them developed is a mystery to me. Remember, this was before the Polaroid. Of course, I suppose many of them did their own developing or else knew someone who did.

About this time, another girl, rather short and dark-haired and with the cutest little ass I've ever seen -- I guess she was about fourteen -- strapped on a small dildo and actually tried to have anal relations with the setter. But she couldn't get the imitation peter in. She stopped very suddenly when the animal stopped his screw movements and turned and growled at her. But you couldn't blame the dog for not wanting to be jammed in the can with a rubber or leather phallus. I certainly wouldn't want to be.

A man sitting next to me nudged me in the ribs. "S'help

me, I think that's a lousy way to treat a dog. By God! It's indecent!"

Later, we didn't think so much of the Irish setter. He was a 'one-shot' dog -- seems kinda silly saying that about a dog! After he finished with the Negress the naked kids tried to get him to do Orange-hair, but he simply wasn't interested. Several of the girls masturbated him and toyed with his testicles, but... they finally had to give up and lead him off the stage. One might say that the setter was sexually satiated.

Two other girls rearranged the pillows and then lay down, spreading their slim young legs. I must confess I now had an enormous erection. I especially would have liked to have taken on the Negress right then.

The airedales didn't have to be shown what to do; immediately they trotted between the girls legs and began licking and nuzzling their sweet little vulvas. The boys crawled over the girls and began having oral-intercourse with them. In my opinion, all those girls must have had very sore mouths.

After the boys had their orgasms, they got off the girls, and the girls got on their knees and elbows. Each boy spread the ass-cheeks of his girl, letting the dogs lick their red-eyes. All the while the gals giggled and squirmed.

The audience wiggled too. I gathered from observing the anxious faces around me that the women were about ready to explode, as sexually excited as they could possibly get -- including my wife, whom I satisfied with hard and vigorous intercourse after we returned to the hotel.

What did I think of the Sex Circus. Well, it certainly was unusual. And watching it did give me and Marie ideas for new combinations. I don't mean with animals, of course. That's just plain nasty. But to each his own, I always say. If a man wants to fuck a sow or a woman get sucked by a dog -- that's their business -- as long as the animals don't mind."

Analysis and Conclusions:

A point that the average sexologist misses is that the Circus of Sex serves as a subtle medium of conditioned response in those who have watched human beings cavort in seance-a-trois -- with or without animals. As we have seen, there must be a subtle depravity that inroads itself insidiously into the Id of those who, in

the first place, would put themselves into such a position. Moral fibre cannot help but be weakened in even normal persons of normally-directed sexual motivation -- even those who, out of sheer curiosity, go but once to a circus. That once is often enough to cause a slow, festering cancer in the subconscious, giving the ruthless Id the chance it seeks to overpower the Super-ego.

We must ask: can any individual be sexually normal who attends such a perverted circus -- regardless of whether the show involves human/animal relationships? An analysis of the sex drives of those in attendance would no doubt be as interesting as an intensive probe of the amorality of those who actually participate.

We do know that a number of on-lookers are active and latent scopophiliacs, or, in the vulgar... "Peep Freaks"... and/or active or latent homosexuals. But how many are latent bestialists? There is really no way of knowing, the given number of any given group resting, out of sheer necessity, on sheer speculation; and it is not wise to speculate, even mildly, in the realm of sex.

The number might be larger than what one might think, if we could use as a yardstick of measurement the behavior of the observers who watch a circus; unfortunately such "evidence" is non sequitur and not admissible in the sexual court of inquiry we are currently conducting. People might be depraved -- and the word is open to debate as used here -- but we must remember there are different forms of degeneracy.

One addicted to oral intercourse does not have to be caught in the net of bestiality. Nor does a homosexual -- active or latent. Nor a woman who prefers fellatio or anal-erotic activity. "To each his own" truly applies here. Where do we draw that so-thin line? We draw it by saying that while the spectator of a sex circus might be suffering from a sexual neurosis, he does not have to have the illness of even latent bestiality.

We have mentioned the Stag Party in order that no confusion exist between this relatively innocent amusement form and the totally different Circus; while the former is a spring shower, the latter is a raging hurricane. The student of these complex matters might wonder why respectable men, a doctor... a schoolteacher... a businessman, etc. -- might attend such a Stag. We suggest, from our own observations and conclusions, that it is all a throwback to the primitive... the gathering of the males while woman

stays home and takes care of kitchen and children. At least in theory, that is what a woman is supposed to do...

The male going to the Stag is actually looking for a kind of moral companionship. Favoring the sexy and the bawdy, his is a furtive, lonely kind of titillation.

He goes to sublimate his guilt feelings. And any product of Christian moral philosophy, noble in its aim but unrealistic in practice, methods and end results... perhaps because Christianity insists on making men something they are not and never can be. A noble state that can be reached only by those fanatics content to replace facts and reality with hysterical faith.

In general, normally-oriented people go to exhibitions of sex for the same reason: to sublimate their subconscious feelings of guilt, and any product of Western moral philosophy must have a feeling of guilt. This is evidenced in their coarse behavior at such gatherings, in their remarks which are not vulgar in the sense that the people who voice such remarks are deliberately trying to be obscene -- no! They are merely removing the conditioned masks of their moral personas, revealing to each other their real selves... the sexual savage slumbering in all of us.

Such an aborigine of the libido even dwelt in the "Saints." We cite here the case of Christian Ebner, who (in the twelfth century) imagined her self to have conceived a child by Christ after being embraced "spiritually" by Him. This "saint" cut a cross of skin over the region of her heart and tore it off -- all of which sufficiently demonstrates her sexual desire manifesting itself not only in delusions but in conscious masochism.

There was St. Blaubekin, who became obsessed with the thought of what had happened to the foreskin of Christ after it had been removed by circumcision. This sexual psychopath ran all over Europe looking for it -- an effort that was indeed wasted, for no fewer than twelve churches in Europe -- to this very day -- possess, among their sacred relics, the prepuce of Jesu Christi! But this should not surprise us, not when we learn that until 1876 five churches possessed the five skulls of John the Baptist.

Today, Notre Dame in Paris has one -- but of course, the Vatican has the "true" skull.

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